*Queene* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you,the diuell make the third,
Fie womanish man,canst thou not curse thy enemies?
*Suff.* A plague vpon them:wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,
As leane facde Enuy in her loathsome caue,
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eies should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end,as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me thinkes my burthened heart would breake.
Should I not curse them:poison be their drinke,
Gall,worse then gall,the daintiest thing they taste,
Their sweetest shade,a groue of sypris trees,
Their softest touch,as smart as lyzards stings,
Their musique frightfull,like the serpents hisse.
And boding scrike-owles make the consort full,
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.
*Queene.* Enough sweete Suffolke,thou tormentst thy self.
*Suffolke* You bade me ban,and will you bid me cease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where biting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
*Queene* No more, sweete *Suffolk*,hie thee hence to France,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall find thee out,
And long thou shalt not stay,but ile haue thee repeald,
Or venture to be banished my selfe,
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it,thou maist thinke on me:
Away,I say,that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

*Suff.*

9 leave fast



*Suff.* Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,
Once by the King,but three times thrice by thee.

*Enter Vawse.*

*Queene* How now,whither goes Vawse so fast?
*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his maiesty,
That Cardinall Bewford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,
Sometimes he calls vpon Duke Humphreys ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime he calls to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen now he cald alowd for him.
*Queene* Go then good Vawse,and certifie the King.

*exit Vawse.*

Oh what is worldly pompe!all men must die.
And woe am I for Bewfords heauy end,
But why mourne I for him,whilst thou art here?
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.
*Suff.* And if I go,I cannot liue:but here to die,
What were it else,but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?
Here could I,could I,breeath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dug between his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,
And call for thee to close mine eies,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breath it so into thy body,
And then it liude in sweete Elyziam,
By thee to die,were but to die in ieast,
From thee to die,were torment more then death,
O let me stay,befall what may befall.
*Queene* Oh might'st thou stay with safetie of thy life,
Then should'st thou stay,but heauens deny it,
And therefore go,but hope ere long to be repeald.
*Suff.* I goe.